

tions for Easter Monday fairs. Huddled together in miserable companionship, a few rickety vans, that had once been yellow, were already displaying worn and blurred pictures of pink-eyed ladies, dwarfs, and boa-constrictors, which were certainly not to be seen inside; one giving a foretaste of its "wonders of the wild woods, the jungle, and the prairie," by hanging out two guinea-pigs in a rat-trap. A swing or two, and a roundabout, and a collection of dirty boards, evidently the materials for constructing shooting-galleries and gingerbread-stalls. And it is fondly supposed inside those dingy tumble-down vans that there will be people on Easter Monday eager to walk up and pay their money to see the live lions stuffed with straw—that is to say, the two guinea-pigs in the rat-trap. I had the curiosity to revisit these scenes of wild delight on Easter Monday, and found one of the fairs—Chalk Farm—tolerably well attended. On the stage of the show where the two guinea-pigs were displayed, the very dirtiest woman it has ever been my lot to see was banging a drum with a hole in it, while a man in ragged corduroys, whose corresponding dirtiness suggested a close attachment to his wife, belaboured a cinder-sifter with the handle of a carter's whip. The "ladies and gentlemen" who were invited to walk up, and who did walk up in scores, paying their pennies with a lively anticipation of pleasure which was pitiful to behold, knowing the nature of the squalid treat that was in store for them, were entirely and exclusively boys and girls of the poorest and most degraded class—degraded only because neglected and uncared for.

The Crystal Palace, though the return ticket and "entrance" amounted to only two shillings, was above them, and they were obliged to be content with what poor amusement the gipsy showman could afford them for a penny. Their greatest delight seemed to be the roundabout and the swing, and in the latter there were none the fewer female candidates for a seat because the great aim and pleasure of the proprietor was to fling them so high up in the air as to throw their petticoats over their heads. The shouts of delight that hailed this exhibition smote upon me with a saddening effect, when I remembered that the scene was being enacted within sight of the oak planted just a year ago to the memory of the Immortal Bard, the high priest of all kinds of moral and intellectual elevation. Here, as elsewhere, the fair was promoted by the public-house for its own benefit.

It was inexpressibly sad, on the evening of Good Friday, and again on the evening of Easter Monday, to see the humble order of holiday-makers tramping homewards all weary, depressed, mud-stained, and dragged. The birds that had fluttered out so trim and gay in the morning, looked as birds always look when they have been in the rain. The young man—Molly's star in the dark—was much dimmed in his lustre. His gait was heavy and lumpy, and his eyes looked out with a fishy stare from a great haze of beer. He had enjoyed himself dismally.

We had all enjoyed ourselves dismally, and if you had seen us dragging our weary legs homewards, as flies drag themselves across a beer-slopped tap table, you would have said we were the most jolly melancholy dogs you ever saw.

I am afraid the rain was responsible for the excessive quantities of beer we drank. Adjourning to the public-house to escape the rain, we got out of one form of wet into another. But if the day had been never so fine, it would have been difficult to find real enjoyment in the Elysian Fields attached to public-houses of the very worst and lowest class.

Would it not be worth while to centralise those humblest of the seats of pleasure in some second-class Crystal Palace, or palaces, where the open sesame would be the "little sixpence," or even less? The people are over-lectured and under-amused. More decent amusement for the less decent among us, is much wanted on a holiday. In practical remembrance of Good Friday, will the Bench of Bishops, or the Bench of Cabinet Ministers, or the Bench of Magistrates, or any Bench of all the many Benches that over-bench us, speak out wholesomely upon that honest truth? We should soon see a Better Friday than the Good Friday we see near populous places now.

#### CIRCUMLOCUTIONAL VACCINATION.

WHEN, towards the close of the last century, Jenner, after innumerable experiments, devoted study, and in the face of the ridicule and antagonism that usually attend the discoveries of the benefactors of mankind, established the results of his researches into the great question of vaccination, it was supposed that that question was exhausted, in so far as that—the operation once successfully performed—the scourge of small-pox which for centuries had spared neither age nor sex, strength nor feebleness, which made beauty hideous and destroyed the comeliness of youth, which brought blindness, deafness, and a hundred infirmities in its train, was for ever conquered. And for many years the constant immunity from small-pox that attended the performance of the operation, led mankind to regard themselves as entirely secure by such means. Certain medical men then, as since, declared that in transmitting the vaccine from arm to arm, hereditary diseases were also transmitted, and that thus it was merely the exchange of one malady for another—the exchange, moreover, of a malady to which successive generations became liable, for one to which only individuals were, or might be, subjected. Even these, however, expressed no doubt as to the certainty of the prevention of small-pox by means of vaccination.

During twenty-two years Jenner continued to experiment with unfulfilling success; the method of vaccinating from arm to arm being constantly employed during this period, and for nearly twenty-seven succeeding years, without a question of its perfect efficacy being raised.

stituted the "circences." So away we go towards Hackney-wick, the most of us, so soon as the train begins to move, taking an affectionate pantomimic farewell of the female birds on the opposite platform, who, let loose from their propriety of conduct (which they have hitherto sustained with difficulty) by precisely the same circumstance, the moving away of the train, kiss their hands to us, and fall into a general flutter of giggling. I find sitting on the seat opposite to me a dirty man with a grave cunning face, who holds on his knee two bird-traps, and the thought flashes across me that this man depends for his success to-day upon the same weakness of nature which prompted those human birds to kiss their hands and giggle when the train moved off. He will pretend to move away, but when the bird, beguiled by the song of the decoy, comes down and enters the trap, he will pull the string, and the foolish little creature will be caught. Ah me!—but there, let us have no moralising. Have I not put on my wide-awake, and come out for a day's enjoyment?

Enjoyment! Save the mark! A more squalid, dirty, dreary, depressing place than the wrestling-ground (attached to a public-house of course) at Hackney-wick it would be difficult to conceive. The wrestlers are unmitigated roughs, and the few spectators are mostly of the same class. These, then, are the famous rustic games of Hackney-wick! While I am wondering that any decent people could ever have been attracted by such a miserable spectacle, I receive a piece of information which accounted for this and other strange things which I witnessed subsequently. The great Good Friday Hackney-wick Exhibition of Wrestling had been transferred to, and was then being held at, the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Proceeding now in a cab towards other famous holiday resorts of the people, in the neighbourhood of Wood Green and Hornsey, I am puzzled and astonished to observe the almost deserted condition of the gardens and pleasure-grounds, which in former years used to be thronged. Here and there I come upon a mob of eostermongers in a field, offering to a sparse public of their own class the highly exhilarating sport and pastime of three sticks a penny; but nowhere can I find the respectable working classes ruralising and enjoying themselves in the "Green Laues." Where are they? Whither have they gone? Is not this Good Friday? I begin to understand at last. I perceive that pleasure is being *centralised*. The great mass of the holiday-makers are at the Crystal Palace; the admirers of athletic sports at the Agricultural Hall; and the irregulars, jealous perhaps of the principle of centralisation as applied even to holiday-making, have gone up to refresh themselves with a sight of the green leaves and the many-coloured flowers in the gardens of Kew and Hampton Court.

"Centralisation," I mutter to myself, "bad thing—dangerous to the rights and liberties of the people—tendency towards autocratic and dictatorial government—must be wrong on

principle, therefore no exception to the rule can be allowed." I am not so sure about this, however, when I reflect on the subject. What are the amusements provided for the fancy-free public roving among these green lanes? Three sticks a penny, hard biscuits and beer. Anything else? Well, if you press me for a more full and categorical reply, I will add, ardent spirits in all their vile holiday varieties. On the other hand, if I turn to the programme of amusements at the Crystal Palace, I find that, in addition to the normal attractions of the place, the courts, the statues, the works of art, and the flowers, the public are offered, for the small charge of one shilling, a great variety of entertainments, including a concert by first-rate singers, an exhibition of the jewels taken at the sack of Peking, a skating-hall, a gymnasium, bowls, archery, cricket, boats, &c. And I am reminded that the thousands who crowded the Crystal Palace on Good Friday joined with great earnestness, and with evident pleasure, in singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, rendering it with a steadiness and precision which showed that they are neither unaccustomed to, nor indisposed to, religious exercises, if fitting opportunities were offered to them. On Easter Monday the Crystal Palace opened with extra attractions—the Wizard of the North, the Alabama Minstrels, and a pantomimic ballet in the theatre. On the same day the South Kensington Museum was open free, and thousands thronged it all day long, preserving their appetite for wonders to the last, and coming away still hungry.

I know now how it was that I found myself so solitary, so wretched, and so very far from the jolly dog I had intended to be, down among the Green Lanes. The glory of the old-fashioned seats of rough-and-ready pleasure had departed. They had been moved up, and the people had gone up after them. The maugy little mobs I saw hanging about the public-houses looked extremely miserable until the public-houses opened, and then they had a good excuse in the rain, which now began to fall, for devoting themselves to drink. I looked in at several houses to see how the people were enjoying themselves. *Enjoying themselves!* It is a mockery to use the word. A steaming mob at a dingy sloppy bar, drinking from dirty pots; the sanded floor littered with orange-peel and splashed with beer. Poor, but decent, women, who have come out with their children for a day's recreation, are sitting in a squalid dirty room dignified by the name of a "parlour," eating their bit of bread and cheese or cold meat on a deal table that does not appear to have been washed for months. Dirty eostermongers slopping beer about, and filling the air with the smoke of the vilest tobacco, a Babel of hoarse voices, a heavy vapour of damp fustian, a smoke, a smother, a seuffling of hob-nailed feet, and through all a ghastly attempt at hilarity in the never-ceasing chorus of Slap, bawg, here we are again!

Returning homewards late in the afternoon, I note in the immediate neighbourhood of certain outlying public-houses, melancholy prepara-



For, although a few cases of small-pox occurred in instances where vaccination had taken place, it was believed that such cases were the result of imperfect vaccination, of the appearance of what was called false vaccine, or of an interruption in the course of the development of the cow-pox by pressure on the pustules.

So entire was the belief during these years of the unfailling result of the operation, that much surprise was excited by an account of the appearance of an undoubted case of vaccine in a person who had previously been successfully vaccinated, and whose arms bore unmistakable marks that the cow-pox had, what is popularly called, taken. This case was cited by a well-known French physician, Monsieur Rayer, in 1825, as being a most extraordinary and unprecedented instance of a second development of cow-pox: it being supposed that the reappearance of that malady, after successful vaccination, was as impossible as the breaking out of small-pox under similar conditions. The case, however, being then an isolated one, the excitement caused by its appearance seems to have died away, and people returned to their former convictions. Some years later, however, new facts arose to dispel this assurance of security, for, in Glasgow, several instances appeared, nearly at the same time, of small-pox in persons duly vaccinated.

The experiment of re-vaccination was then, for the first time, attempted, and as in many instances it produced a return of cow-pox; the question raised by M. Rayer was solved; and it was supposed that the repetition of the operation at certain intervals, or whenever the malady appeared in the form of an epidemic, would prove an effectual security. If the cow-pox were duly re-developed, the partisans of the system argued, there was complete hindrance to any attacks of small-pox; if the former failed to appear, it proved that the system was proof against the invasion of the latter.

But, further experience demonstrated that this idea was also a fallacy. In Paris and elsewhere, during the last ten or twelve years, frequent instances have occurred of persons who, having been re-vaccinated several times without success (vaccination having proved effectual in their childhood), were supposed not to be liable to small-pox, but who were yet seized with the malady, and that sometimes in its worst form. Moreover, the question, long held in abeyance, as to the possibility of the communication of disease through vaccination, was again brought forward, certain facts tending to give colour to such a theory having been observed.

Dr. de Paul, director of vaccination at Paris, in his last annual report to the Minister of the Interior, adduced various instances where dangerous maladies had been communicated from unhealthy children to those born healthy, and of parents free from taint. And in England, within the last two years, during which period the small-pox has in several places proved severe,

re-vaccination, on adults especially, has been sometimes attended with very serious consequences, leading to the inference that the virus was of an injurious nature.

All these circumstances taken into consideration, one conclusion became evident—namely, that an attempt must be made to return to the original source. The complete efficacy of the natural vaccine, not only when taken direct from the cow, but even for a certain time after its transmission through the human subject, had been proved by undoubted evidence; the impossibility of its being mistaken for any other affection, and its perfect freedom from the danger of introducing contamination into healthy blood, had been equally clearly demonstrated; and, though some still obstinately adhered to the belief that vaccination lost nothing of its efficacy by the usual method, and was free from the evils it was accused of producing, men of intelligence and energy resolved to recommence the experiments of Jenner, persuaded of the necessity of re-establishing the purity of the virus, and doubting nothing of producing similar results by similar means.

A Neapolitan physician was the first to carry into effect these conclusions. Dr. Negri established, near Naples, a collection of heifers, to which he communicated at different periods the cow-pox from a cow sent over by the Queen from England in 1857. From these he vaccinated and re-vaccinated many thousands of persons with the most satisfactory results, and medical men and savans visited the institution to study the system and report on its effects. France soon followed the example.

Dr. Lanoix, having, on the spot, obtained all the necessary information, took back to France a cow affected with cow-pox, and brought together at Bel-Air a number of heifers on the same plan as that of Dr. Negri. He commenced operations by re-vaccinating all the pupils of the school of the Prince Imperial at Vanves, and, in the majority of instances, the vaccination took perfectly, showing how ineffectual the first operation, performed by the old system, had been.

Belgium followed. A physician of Brussels, studying the question under M. Lanoix, and obtaining from him sufficient virus to perform a large number of operations—attended in most cases with the same results as those witnessed in Italy and France—appealed to the communal administration for a vote of funds to set on foot a public establishment to carry out a system so important to the public health. The application was attended with success, and money has been granted for the foundation of what is called an *Etablissement Vaccinogène* at Brussels.

Surely England, where the discovery was first made, and which supplied the means of re-establishing the purity of the preservative matter, should not remain behindhand in the race! The frequency with which small-pox has displayed itself in England of late years, the severity not infrequently attending the cases, and the by no

means rare instances of the effects of impure virus, warn us to adopt the very simple remedy within our reach.

## GOING INTO BUSINESS.

### IN THREE PARTS. PART THE FIRST.

"How is it possible for me to commence business on my own account, when I have no capital?" This was the question I put to a friend who advised me to begin as a merchant in London, after the failure of some schemes by which I had hoped to better my condition in life. "And I am not only without money, but also without credit," I continued, "for who would give credit in the way of business to a man who is utterly unknown in the City!"

"My dear sir," was the reply, "you are far too timid; at the present day, if a man has knowledge and energy of character, he does not require either capital or credit to commence trade with, and to get on in the mercantile world. I know a Greek gentleman who is about to start a firm in London, and who wants an Englishman well acquainted with business to enter into partnership with him. I will give you a letter of introduction to him, and I hope you may be able to arrange matters to your satisfaction."

Armed with a note from my friend, I called upon Mr. Velardi, the Greek gentleman who was about to set up in business as a merchant, and who wanted an English partner. I found him in the office of a fellow-countryman, up three pairs of stairs, somewhere behind Austin Friars. He read the letter, and at once proceeded to talk over the matter which had brought me to see him. His intention was to start, simultaneously, mercantile offices in London, Smyrna, and Odessa, as one firm. In each of the latter towns he told me he had already a partner, and he now wanted one for London; would I accept the situation? No mention was made of capital, but he informed me that I should have a third of the net profits of the English firm.

As it was a case of this or nothing with me, I gladly consented to join the new firm, the preliminary terms being as follows: First, I was to join him as partner for three years certain, and during that time I was to be allowed to draw "on account" of my future share of the profits, which were to be declared every half year, the sum of twenty pounds a month. Second, I was to give up the whole of my time to the affairs of the firm, and more particularly was to keep the books and write all the English letters of the house. Third, if required, I was to be ready to go abroad at a day's notice, on the business of the firm, and to reside in either Smyrna or Odessa for such time as the head partner might direct. Fourth, and lastly, I was not to accept any bill nor sign any cheque or draft, for the firm, without special leave or order. The latter clause in our agreement—which was drafted so as to be afterwards duly drawn out in proper form by a so-

licitor—appeared somewhat strange to me. But as I was only too glad to get anything whatever to do, I did not question details too closely.

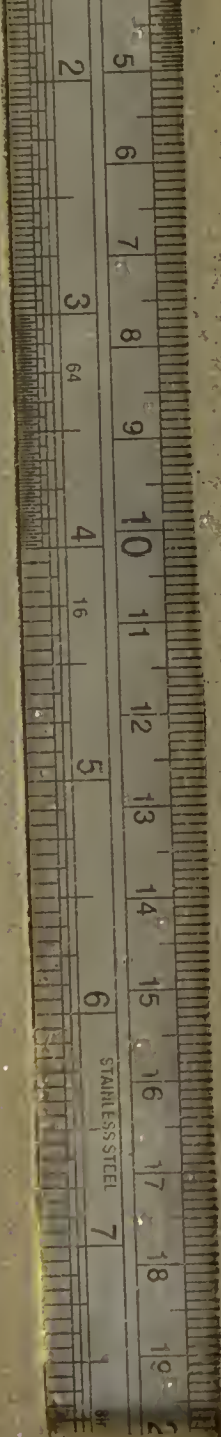
Mr. Velardi was a fair average specimen of the Greek merchant as found all over the world. He was about thirty years of age, wore a short-cut and very black beard, dressed well, was gentlemanly in his manners—courteous, in fact, to a degree, except when he was getting the worst of a bargain, when he would rave and rant like the lowest Houndsditch Jew. Besides his own language, he spoke English, French, and Italian, well; a little Russian too, and had some knowledge of Turkish. He had served as a clerk in a merchant's office in Syria, and also in Odessa. He had been in business on his own account for five years, during which time he had suspended payment twice, but had always managed to compound with his creditors for two or three shillings in the pound. Of all kinds of trade and business in every part of the world he had a most thorough knowledge, but exceeded above everything in the theory and practice of foreign exchanges. With the help of a pencil and a scrap of paper, he would in three minutes—gabbling as fast as possible all the time to himself in Greek—show how that, according to the various exchanges of the day, he could, by drawing on Amsterdam, sending the bill to be sold at Hamburg, and there purchasing bills on New York, which were to be sent for sale to Madrid, and the proceeds invested in paper on Brazil, turn two, three, four, or five per cent. In transactions of this nature—which were to me much the same as Greek lambics would be to a Calcutta Hindoo—he often embarked, for he had correspondents in every part of the known world; and, what is more, he generally gained by such dealings, or, if he did not gain, he hardly ever lost.

The London firm which he established, Mr. Velardi called VELARDI, WATSON, AND CO.; I being Watson; Co. being a myth. At Smyrna, the firm was Velardi and Co.; at Odessa it went by the name of Velardi Brothers. But, so far as I could make out, the only bonâ fide partner in the three firms—or, at least, the only person who had any real power over the business done by all these houses—was the Mr. Velardi with whom I was associated in London.

Our capital was not large. Mr. Velardi had three hundred pounds in a London bank, and I had nothing. Yet, on these very limited means, we did business to an amount which astonished me, and often made me fear that the pace was too good to last. When we first started, Mr. Velardi used to get such bills as he drew upon his foreign houses endorsed by one of his more wealthy and better-known countrymen in London; but the necessity for this proceeding soon wore off, and as he became better known, his drafts were sold readily upon 'Change, although at first only to a moderate amount. That amount, however, soon got larger, as it became known that our firms in Smyrna and Odessa drew largely upon us, and that those bills were always met at maturity.







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